

SONNETS

BY

CHARLES SPENCER

THE TWO SIGNS OF THE CROSS

SONNETS

FROM

SHAKESPEARE.

[Price Two Shillings and Sixpence.]

SONNETS

FROM

SHAKESPEARE.

BY ALBERT.

Multa Dircaum levat aura cycnum—

Ego apis Matinae

More modoque,

Grata carpentis thyma per laborem

Plurimum. —

HOR.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR J. DEBRET, OPPOSITE BURLINGTON HOUSE,
PICCADILLY.

M.DCC.XCI.

20 MINUTE

FROM

SHAKESPEARE



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LONDON

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1811

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P R E F A C E.

THE greater number of these Sonnets have already been published in the daily prints: they were begun in the Gazetteer and continued in the Morning Chronicle. The approbation which they met with in this separate form, induced the Author to add a few others, and collect them all together as they now stand.

In selecting passages from Shakespeare, let it be remarked that those only have been adopted, which were appropriate to the sonnet. The genius of Shakespeare, though perhaps it delighted more in the grand and sublime, was no less susceptible of the tender and pathetic: alike master of the most terrible workings of the bosom, and its tenderest emo-

emotions, he had expressions for both. With equal success, as suited his purpose, he could assume the most horrid ravings of jealousy and revenge, and the softest tone of love and pity. He who should apply the language of the sonnet to many of his sentiments, would incur the ridicule of Bottom in the comedy, who, when desirous to play the Lion, said, "I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you as 'twere any nightingale."

If any should regard this attempt as intended to encumber the sentiments of Shakspeare with the frippery of a modern dress, or accommodate his language to the depravity of fashionable taste, let them remember, that the sonnet was a form of writing adopted by the great Bard himself, and that here appropriate sentiments are only expressed in a mode, in which he frequently chose to express them. It has been endeavoured as much as possible, consistently with the alteration of form, to preserve his language: in order to afford the reader the means

of

of judging how far the Author has succeeded in this object, or has been able to do justice to the meaning, the original passages from which the sonnets are taken, are subjoined.

If any should affect to despise these trifles, there is no one can think of them more humbly than the Author himself. Whatever be the merit allowed to the work, his only can be a small share of fame. The idea was new; and the effect, it is to be hoped, is in some instances pleasing. At any rate, the sentiments of Shakespeare must have their value under whatever form, or in the hands of any writer,

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rate, the Reminiscences of Shakespeare must have their
value either whatever form, or in the hands of any

Vain were the task to emulate thy name,
 For whom each muse a fairer wreath has won;
 One thing from thy immortal brow to claim
 Be mine, the meed of pity and of love;
 To wake with thee the long, long tender pain,
 And weave thy mantle in my mortal strain.

FROM

SHAKESPEARE.

INTRODUCTORY

SONNET I.

TO

SHAKESPEARE:

IMMORTAL Shakespeare! whose all-grasping mind
 Thro' boundless realms of nature, fancy, saw,
 Taught by no art, and by no rules confin'd,
 Bright son of Genius! born to give the law.

Shall I, unrivall'd Bard, shall I aspire,
 Venturous, to tread with thee the path sublime,
 Or trace with feeble wing thy Muse of fire,
 Thro' worlds unknown beyond the flight of Time?

Vain were the task to emulate thy fame,
 For whom each muse a fairest wreath has wove;
 One sprig from thy immortal brow to claim
 Be mine, the meed of pity and of love,
 To wake with thee the notes of tender pain,
 And weave thy myrtle in my simple strain!

ALBERT.

INTRODUCTORY

SONNET I.

TO

SHAKESPEARE.

IMMORTAL Shakespeare! whose all-grasping mind
 Thro' boundless realms of nature, fancy, law,
 Tright by no art, and by no rules confin'd,
 Brighten'd of Genius! born to give the law.

Still I, unwearied bard, shall I aspire,
 Ventures, to tread with thee the path sublime,
 Or trace with feeble wing thy Meads of fire,
 Thro' worlds unknown beyond the light of Time!

Yet will I daily watch her place of stand,
 Sure, I love before this night I never knew,
 And with his look I'll be as blind as he,
 For ne'er such beauty did my wondering view;
 All charms I now resign—distance were dear,
 And henceforth vow my love to Romeo's ear.

OF
 ROMEO and JULIET.

ROMEO.

SONNET II.

ON

First seeing JULIET.

AH! who is she, who dazzles thus the sight,
 And bids the glimm'ring torches burn more clear;
 Whose beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
 Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear?

But, ah! her beauty seems for earth too dear,
 So much her charms all other charms outshine;
 And, ah! too rich for use—how much I fear,
 A nymph so bright, so fair, can ne'er be mine!

Yet will I duly watch her place of stand,
 Sure, Love before this night I never knew,
 And with her touch make happy my rude hand,
 For ne'er such beauty blest'd my wondering view :
 All charms I now resign—that once were dear,
 And henceforth vow my sole devotion's here.

ROMEO.

SONNET II.

ON

THE KING JULIET.

Ah! who is she, who dazzles thus the light,
 And bids the glimmering torches burn more clear;
 Whose beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
 Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear?

But ah! her beauty seems for earth too dear,
 So much her charms all other charms outshine;
 And ah! too rich for us—how much I fear,
 A nymph so bright, so fair, can never be mine!

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SONNET III.

TO

JULIET upon the first Interview.

IF I profane with my unworthy hand,
 Deem not my fault, sweet Saint, too much amiss;
 My lips two blushing pilgrims ready stand,
 To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

He who admiring views a holy shrine,
 Some precious relic is allow'd to bear,
 That relic let my lips receive from thine,
 Nor by denial doom me to despair.

Nor harshly deem that thus I can offend;
 Your lips from mine shall wash away the stain,
 And lest my lips to thine their sin should lend,
 O trespass sweet! then give it me again:
 This shrine alone shall share my vows of love;
 Here ceaseless shall I kneel, till thou, dear Saint, approve.

ROMEO.

SONNET IV.

TO

ROMEO upon the same Occasion.

GOOD Pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
 While thus in form devout approaching nigh;
 Since hands of saints admit a holy touch,
 Then why should mine your modest suit deny?

But now, good Pilgrim, now—you do amiss,
 Approaching thus—your lips too boldly dare;
 Remember—hand to hand is Palmer's kiss,
 And Pilgrims lips are only us'd in prayer.

You tell me that your lips are purg'd by mine,
 Then have my lips the sins that they have took;
 Is this your reverence to the holy shrine?
 You kiss for shame, good Pilgrim, by the book!
 Ah me! I fear that I no saint shall prove,
 For here much less I wish for reverence,
 Than for love.

ROMEO.

JULIET.

SONNET V.

TO

JULIET, seen above at a Window.

ARISE, fair Sun, arise, thy charms display,
 Unveil those eyes with heav'n's own lustre bright;
 Then the pale Moon shall envious fade away,
 And hide its beams beneath the shade of night.

O were those eyes resplendent plac'd in heav'n,
 The moon and stars would shine less bright than they;
 Then to the dusky face of night were given
 Beauties, ah, far more glorious than the day!

In musing posture, see, intent to stand,
 (Tho' silent, yet her eyes would seem to speak)
 She leans her gentle cheek upon her hand—
 O that I were a glove to touch that cheek!
 To grow to that fair hand, O lot divine!
 And touch that beauteous cheek, what ecstasy were
 mine!

ROMEO.

SONNET VI.

UPON

The same Occasion.

AH me! what fate my bosom shall betide!

Why, Romeo, why is Montague thy name?

Ah! why should adverse birth our names divide,

Whom gentle nature form'd in common frame?

Yet thou'rt my enemy in name alone,

And what's a name? 'Tis breath, 'tis empty air;

The Rose, whatever title it might own,

Would smell as fragrant, and would blush as fair.

And Romeo, called by any other name,

The same dear, loved, all-perfect youth would be;

Then change that name, and all thy Juliet claim

For that, which is no real part of thee;

Or if thou wilt not change that hostile name,

Ah! be but sworn my love, I'll instant mine dis-

claim!

JULIET.

SONNET VII.

TO

JULIET.

NO more, O charming despot of my fate,
No more upbraid me with my hostile name;
That name, because thine enemy, I hate,
And henceforth for thy dearer sake disclaim.

Ask'st thou, why I had climb'd this dangerous wall?
Alas! there is more peril in thine eye:
'Twere better by thy kinsmen's hands to fall,
Than, ah! more cruel, by thy hate to die.

O wert thou plac'd far as the mighty shore,
Whose fides are wash'd by the remotest sea,
In quest of thee that land I would explore,
And brave the horrors of the deep for thee:
Each fear, each danger, dauntless I'd controul,
My faithful pilot Love, and thy bright eyes my pole!

ROMEO.

C

SONNET VIII.

TO

ROMEO.

AH! if thou lovest me, Romeo, don't deceive;
Why should I ask? I know thou'lt answer ay;
And I, weak maid, I fondly will believe—
Jove laughs at lovers perjuries, they say.

Yet, why should I so soon my passion tell?
But ah! think not that I'm too quickly won,
Nor let it be my crime to love too well—
If you are false, my Romeo, I'm undone!

Tho' soon I gave away my virgin heart,
Yet deem me not, sweet youth, too flighty grown,
More true I'll prove than they that have more art,
Yet would the heart I gave were still my own:
Ask'st thou, why Juliet breaths a wish so vain?
But to be frank, my Love, and give it thee again.

JULIET.

SONNET IX.

TO

JULIET.

WHOSE eyes stream thro' the airy region bright,
And thus the dusky face of heaven adorn?
O did those eyes illumine the shade of night,
The birds would sing, and think it were the morn!

But hark, what charming accents break around!
Ah! sure it is my Juliet's voice I hear;
How silver sweet the tongues of lovers sound,
Like softest music to the listening ear!

Something, thou say'st, thou hadst forgot to tell,
And here till thou remember'st, I will stay,
Forgetting every home—but ah! farewell,
The envious dawn of morn forbids delay.
Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast,
Ah! would that I could share so sweet a rest.

ROMEO.

SONNET X.

TO

ROMEO.

HARK ! Romeo, hark ! O for a falconer's skill,
This tassel gentle back again to claim !
But bondage bids, alas ! my tongue be still,
Else would I weary Echo with his name.

Thou com'st, but must no longer tarry here,
'Tis morn, and why I call'd thee I've forgot ;
And shouldst thou stay, thy presence is so dear,
'Twould all remembrance from my bosom blot.

I'd have thee go, and yet so much I love,
No farther than a bird in filken chain,
Whom its fond mistress scarce allows to rove,
Then instant pulls it to her hand again.
Good night; good night ! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say—good night, till it be morrow.

JULIET.

SONNET XI.

TO

NIGHT.

THOU lingering Sun, withdraw thy envious light,
And Darkneſs ſpread thy ſable veil between,
Then ſhall my Romeo, ſhrowded by the night,
Leap to theſe arms untalk'd of, and unſeen.

Lovers the darkling path of bliſs can find,
And need not borrow from the day its aid;
Beauty ſupplies a light, or Love is blind,
And ſeeks congenial ſhelter in the ſhade.

Come, gentle Night, give Romeo to theſe arms;
Ah! give him now—and when my love ſhall die,
Cut him in little ſtars, he'll lend ſuch charms,
Such winning ſplendors to the duſky ſky,
That all the world, in love with Night, ſhall pay
No worſhip to the garish face of day.

JULIET.

SONNET XII.

UPON

Hearing of the Death of TYBALT and the Banishment of ROMEO.

A WIFE so late, shall I my love defame?

Ah! who would then to clear his name be found?

No—no—his brow was never form'd for shame;

A brow, where honour might be monarch crown'd.

My husband lives, whom Tybalt would have slain;

All this is comfort! why, my sorrows, flow?

Back, foolish tears, back to your source again,

Your tributary drops belong to woe.

Some word there was, that presses to my mind,

A word there was—I would forget it fain—

As soon might guilt leave fell remorse behind—

Ah! Romeo banish'd—worse than Tybalt slain!

Fate in that word its keenest arrow sped,

And father—mother—all to Juliet now are dead!

JULIET.

SONNET XIII.

UPON

Being informed of his Sentence of Banishment.

AH! cease to bid me into exile fly;

Say, shall I quit all that the world holds dear?

Rather, ah rather tell me I must die,

Must instant die, for death were mercy here!

O! were it but to see my Juliet given,

And here each reptile may my Juliet see—

Blest with her presence every spot were heaven,

Without her all the world were hell to me!

Ye Sages, skill'd the wounds of mind to heal,

Who, to the bleeding heart and streaming eye,

Preach patience of the woes ye do not feel,

Can patience, say, a Juliet supply?

With woes like mine, like me ye'd tear your hair,

And seek in Death alone a refuge from despair!

ROMEO.

SONNET XIV.

ON

LOVE.

ALAS! that Love, so gentle to the view,
When felt so rough and tyrannous should prove;
'Twas from that source all—all—my sorrows grew:
I knew not anguish till I knew to love!

Love, like the rose, first opening on the mind,
Is fragrant to the sense, and fair to show,
But when approach'd, too soon, alas! we find
The fatal thorn that lurks conceal'd below.

Impell'd by passion from the tranquil shore,
Along Love's smoothest sea we cheerful glide,
Hope furls the sails, and pleasure guides the oar,
Our progress gently moving with the tide:
Too soon loud blows the winds, the billows rise,
O'erwhelm'd the lover sinks, he dies—alas! he dies.

ROMEO.

SONNET XV.

ON

The same.

BID me forget the object of my love—

Couldst thou but teach me to forget, I'm blest;

Ah! then once more this tortur'd heart might prove

Its too long lost, and now unhop'd-for rest!

But while my bosom feels a lover's pain,

While the dear fatal image haunts my view,

How shall I cease of anguish to complain,

Or how forget the source from which it grew?

Bid me my love with other nymphs compare,

And thus forget—the remedy were vain,

For while they shew me how much more she's fair,

'Twould but increase my passion and my pain:

Ah! no—in death alone I'll cease to prove

The curse of memory, and the pangs of love!

ROMEO.

D

SONNET XVI.

TO

ROMEO upon parting.

ALAS! wilt thou be gone?—day is not near,
'Twas not the lark, the herald of the morn,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear,
'Twas but the nightingale that sings forlorn.

Believe me, Love, it was the nightingale;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree,
I've heard her oft repeat her tender tale,
And fondly deem'd she sympathiz'd with me.

Yon light is not the dawning of the day,
I know 'tis but a meteor of the sun,
Kindly exhal'd to light thee on thy way;
Ah! wherefore in such haste from me to run?
Thou need'st not yet be gone—it is not day—
Too soon, alas! we part, a little longer stay.

JULIET.

SONNET XVII.

TO

JULIET upon the same.

IT was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale—ah! view, my Love, the sky;
What envious streaks of light the East adorn—
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Let me be taken—Juliet wills it so;
Let me remain, tho' death attend delay,
I have more care to stay, than will to go,
She bids me die, and cheerful I obey.

I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's ray,
I'll say 'tis not the lark, who soaring high
So loudly warns us of advancing day.
How is't, my soul? the minutes dear to love,
Let us in converse waste—I'll day's approach disprove.

ROMEO.

SONNET XVIII.

TO

ROMEO upon the same.

IT is, it is—hie hence, be gone away,
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Unpleasing herald of advancing day,
That bids us lovers part, alas, too soon!

O now be gone! and when thou art away,
Fail not to write to soothe my absent pain;
I'll think each day a month, each hour a day,
Till I behold my Romeo again!

But ah! what terrors dire my breast affail,
The sad forebodings of some hapless doom;
My eyes deceive me, or thou look'st as pale
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb!
Think'st thou that we shall meet? Till then be true,
And ah! till then, my Lord, my Love, adieu!

JULIET.

SONNET XIX.

TO

JULIET upon the same.

THE sun advancing drives the shades away,
More bright and bright the op'ning landscape grows;
But ah! to us Hope comes not with the day—
More dark and dark the prospect of our woes!

Farewel, farewel—one kiss—and now I go—
Alas! the time admits not of delay;
What frequent tidings absence shall bestow,
I'll by Love's faithful messengers convey.

Yet doubt I not that we again shall meet,
Shall meet—no future parting e'er to know—
And all these sorrows we shall then repeat,
As sweet remembrance of departed woe!
Then why should we delay this parting view,
That but protracts our grief? Adieu, my Love, adieu!

ROMEO.

SONNET XX.

AT

The Tomb of JULIET.

ALAS! my Love, my Wife untimely dead,
Dead tho' thou art, yet e'en in death thou'rt fair;
Still o'er thy cheeks their crimson glow is spread,
And death, all-powerful, hath not conquer'd there!

Ah, Juliet dear! I feel thy deathless charms
Still with its wonted ardours fire my breast,
Still shalt thou share a Lover's—Husband's arms—
I'll here set up my everlasting rest!

That face so beauteous, eyes, once more behold,
And ah! remember 'tis a parting view,
That form so lov'd, my arms once more enfold,
One last embrace, and then—adieu, adieu!
Now for this draught of love!—all, all is past;
Yet let me kiss these lips, and breathe on them my last!

ROMEO.

ROMEO.

SONNET XXI.

UPON

Seeing the Body of ROMEO.

WHERE is my Romeo? where is my Love?

Alas! what's here? I see him lifeless lie;

Was it for me he dar'd this end to prove,

And shall I then with him refuse to die?

No—get thee hence, for I will here remain!

A cup clos'd in my true Love's hand I see,

By poison he untimely hath been slain;

Yet, why drink all, and leave no drop for me?

Unkind it was! yet think not I will live,

No—Juliet to herself relief shall bring;

I'll kiss thy lips, they wish'd-for death may give,

Haply some poison still to them doth cling.

But hark! some noise! then dagger pierce this breast!

'Tis done—well pleas'd I die beside my Love to rest!

JULIET.

S O N N E T S

O F

TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

SONNET XXII.

TO

CRESSIDA.

WHY should I brave the Grecians in the field,
While here within a fiercer foe I own?
Go, Trojans, arm, your state from danger shield,
Ye have your hearts—Troilus, alas, hath none!

The Greeks are strong, and skill'd in warlike arts,
Fierce to their skill, and quite unknown to fear,
While I, estrang'd from all my better parts,
Alas, am weaker than a woman's tear!

Tame am I grown as slumber's drowfy charm,
 —Fond as the heart by no deceit beguil'd;
 Soft as the maid with yielding passion warm,
 And skill-less as the unpractis'd child:
 Love, Love enthrals my pow'rs, employs my care,
 And gives each thought the image of my Fair!

TROILUS.

SONNET XXIII.

TO

TROILUS.

AT first I hid my love with female art,
 Won tho' I was, yet blush'd to seem so won;
 But do not triumph o'er a bleeding heart,
 'Twas not till now I felt myself undone!

But ah! perhaps my frankness I shall rue,
 O'er my fond weakness you will tyrant play;
 Fools that we are, who shall to us be true,
 When our own dearest secret we betray?

Yet tho' I lov'd you well, I did not woo,
 I lov'd in secret, yet I lov'd so well,
 That oft I wish'd myself a man for you,
 Or ours—the privilege of sex to tell!
 Why bear me talk? Too late, betray'd to wrong,
 My heart shall mourn the errors of my tongue!

CRESSIDA.

SONNET XXIV.

TO

CRESSIDA.

TO bed—to bed—Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
Secure and sweet, as the fond infant's rest,
That quite dissolv'd in thoughtless slumber lies,
Lull'd to repose on the maternal breast!

O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Waked by the lark, has rous'd the ribald crows,
Nor longer night, the friend of love, will stay,
Think not I'd leave thee joyless to repose.

Beshrew the witch—with movement sad and slow,
She loves with maddening jealousy to dwell,
To sleep with ceaseless tears the couch of woe,
And wake the pangs of envy, worse than hell,
But flies the grasp of love on wings of wind,
Swift as the passing thought that leaves no trace behind!

TROILUS.

SONNET XXV.

TO

TROIUS.

GOOD morrow then; yet why depart so soon?

A little, little longer prithee stay;

Sure, love may well demand so small a boon;

Are you so weary, and would be away?

Too sure, alas! the night hath quickly past,

The hours but number'd by our transports flew,

Each moment seem'd more blissful than the last,

Till day, unwelcome, broke upon our view.

Yet prithee stay—you men will never stay—

Thus still it fares with each too simple maid,

Won by your love to give her all away,

Then left to pine neglected in the shade!

O had I prov'd less tender of your pain,

You still had staid, nor I had sued in vain!

CRESSIDA.

SONNET XXVI.

ON

NIGHT.

'T WAS in a night like this—the moon shone bright,
And the sweet wind so gently kiss'd the trees,
No rustling stole upon the ear of Night,
And not a murmur fill'd the passing breeze:

In such a night as this, the Trojan wall
Did Troilus mount to mark where Cressid lay,
On her dear name with fruitless wish to call,
And sigh—and sigh—the soul of love away!

On such a night as this did Dido stand,
(O sad example of a lover's pain!)
The desolated willow in her hand,
To wave the faithless wanderer back again;
But only heard the winds responsive roar,
And saw the billows drive him far from shore.

LORENZO.

SONNET XXVII.

ON

MUSIC.

How sweetly here the moon reclines its light :
Here let us sit attentive to the sound ;
The voice of music best accords with night,
And loves its silence and its shade profound.

Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day,
Then every crow strains its discordant throat ;
The nightingale, best warbler of the spray,
Reserves for night its softly plaintive note.

The Poets feign, that Orpheus by his lyre
Taught even stubborn rocks and trees to move ;
The dullest natures Music can inspire,
Can melt to pity, or subdue to love :
In sweet delusion Music charms the soul,
And every passion owns its soft controul.

SONNET XXVIII.

ON

The same.

IF Music be the food of Love, oh play,
Play ever thus, and ceaseless breathe the strain,
That sickening appetite may die away,
And Iull'd to rest the soul forget its pain!

That strain again—it touch'd the tone of Love;
O like the southern gale my ear it meets,
Whose softest breezes o'er the violets move,
And breathing odours steal, and give their sweets!

With what a dying fall it sunk away,
- That I, methought, could hear you still repeat;
With equal art and sweetness now you play,
Yet why repeated seems it not so sweet?
'Tis fancy's ear gives Music to the strain,
All—all—in love is changeful, save its pain!

SONNET XXIX.

AH! how I mourn the doubly hapless maid,
The pangs of hopeless passion doom'd to prove,
By her own heart too good—too soft—betray'd,
Who can't conceal—and dares not tell—her love.

Oft have I seen her—would you ask her tale?
It was a blank—her love she would not speak;
But like a worm, she let concealment pale
Feed on the beauties of her damask cheek:

Thought, slow consuming, prey'd upon her form,
A green and yellow hue her charms o'ercaft,
Like some fair flower that sinks before the storm,
Cropt in its bloom by the inconstant blast;
Yet stood like Patience, hopeless of relief,
Mute—sadly smiling—monument of grief!

VIOLA.

SONNET XXX.

COME, gentle Death, thou balm of every woe,
 Yet vainly oft invoc'd the wretch to aid!
 Why, Life, ah! why a painful gift bestow?
 I die the victim of a cruel maid.

On boughs of cypress sad my corse shall lie;
 White be my shroud, and all stuck o'er with yew;
 Of love, of pining hopeless love I die,
 Yet, witness all ye Powers! in Death am true.

Upon my bier bestow no useless sweet,
 Crop not for me the verdure of the year;
 My corse let no officious friendship greet,
 Nor anguish shed the unavailing tear:
 But lay, O lay a thousand sighs to save,
 Where sad true love may never find my grave!

SONNET XXXI.

XXXI SONNET

TO

PERDITA.

TAUGHT to assume some sweet, peculiar grace,
 Whate'er you do, methinks I must adore;
 A charm in every nameless act I trace,
 And still I love you, and admire the more.

Whene'er you speak in accents soft and clear,
 Some secret magic binds me to your tongue;
 Nor could I ought conceive of sound more dear,
 Till fresher rapture charm'd me when you sung.

And when you dance, no sense but sight I'd crave,
 And wish that you might so for ever do,
 O'er the green turf as lightly bounds the wave,
 What I with ceaseless pleasure still could view:
 Peerless in every grace and charm you're seen,
 Crown'd of Love's empire universal queen!

FLORIZEL.

SONNET XXXII.

ON

The Power of MUSIC.

WHEN Orpheus vocal made his heaven-taught lute,
And breath'd its sacred influence all around,
Discord was quell'd into attention mute,
And hush'd in deep repose the world of sound,

The trees and mountain tops by Music's power
Were charm'd to sense, and bow'd when he did sing;
To his sweet Music sprung each plant and flower,
Beneath the influence of perpetual spring.

The waves that wage rude conflict with the sky,
Such was the force of his persuasive lay,
Submissive hung their heads, and then lay by,
To smooth attention charm'd when he did play:
Such art can Music's powerful notes supply,
To lull our cares asleep, or bid them hear and die.

SONNET XXXIII.

ON

LOVE.

To be in Love—to purchase scorn with tears—
 For one coy look to yield a thousand sighs—
 And thro' the tedious lapse of painful years
 To court the bliss that in a moment flies.

For, as the canker, envious of their prime,
 Consumes the fairest flow'rets ere they blow,
 Love crops the youthful bloom before its time,
 And lays its hope and vernal beauty low.

Love still resembles in its changeful spring
 The fleeting glory of an April day,
 Bright shines the sun, the cheerful warblers sing,
 And earth exulting owns the genial ray;
 Soon comes, alas! some envious cloud between,
 Removes each charm, and darkens all the scene!

VALENTINE.

SONNET XXXIV.

ON

SOLITUDE.

THIS shadowy desert and unpeopled grove
 Suit best the pensive temper of my mind;
 The silent dell and lone recess I love,
 More than the busy haunts of human-kind.

For here, by all unnotic'd and alone,
 Beneath some woodland shelter I recline,
 Tune my sad voice to Philomela's moan,
 And with her notes of sorrow mingle mine.

O thou! that dost inhabit in my breast,
 Absent so long, return a welcome mate,
 Left the poor ruin'd frame decay unblest,
 And leave no memory of its former state:
 O let thy charms their lov'd abode adorn,
 And cheer once more thy swain, that droops forlorn!

VALENTINE.

SONNET XXXV.

TO

SLEEP.

O GENTLE Sleep! my pillow wont to crown,
 How have I scar'd thee from thy lov'd retreat,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
 And steep my senses in oblivion sweet!

Why, Sleep, why rather 'midst the smoaky cell
 Its careless limbs, where wearied labour throws,
 Stretch'd on uneasy pallets, chuse to dwell,
 And hush'd by buzzing night flies to repose,

Than, breathing odours round, where greatness lies
 Beneath the canopy of state reclin'd,
 And music's voice its powerful aid applies
 To lull with sweetest melody the mind?
 Blest with repose, then happy low, lie down,
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown!

KING HENRY.

SONNET XXXVI.

TO
HERMIA.

How now, my Love, why is your cheek so pale?

How chance the roses there so fast do fade?
Too well my heart explains the mournful tale,
Of the sad cause, alas! too conscious made.

Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
For aught that tale or history relate,
Thus still the Lover's heart was doom'd to bleed,
And mourn the crossings of disastrous fate.

Or age, or rank, unequal own'd controul;
Ah! poor distinctions to the kindred heart,
Or friends, stern tyrants of the free-born soul,
Forbad to act its fair and proper part:
Or death from fond embrace disjoin'd the pair,
And left the widow'd mate to anguish and despair!

LYSANDER.

SONNET XXXVII.

YES, like a man I'll learn my griefs to bear,
 But not my breast with Stoic pride to steel,
 Who does not know the human pang to share,
 But talks of sorrows which he cannot feel.

O! when no evils press, no fears alarm,
 'Tis easy the smooth lesson to impart,
 But hard it is the sense of woe to charm,
 And cure the anguish of a breaking heart.

Say, can the wretch doom'd by one fatal blow,
 The sad survivor of affection's grave,
 To see his hopes and blooming joys laid low,
 And mourn the victims whom he cannot save,
 Forget those objects of his dearest care,
 Or cease to think how precious once they were?

SONNET XXXVIII.

ON

APPROACHING DISSOLUTION.

SPIRITS of Peace, ah! whither are ye fled?
Remains not one to calm a troubled mind?
Ah! when to native skies your flight ye sped,
Why leave me here in wretchedness behind!

Now, harsh and tuneless, bid the music cease,
Of power to cure all sadness, but despair;
The Soul, about to claim its last release,
Retreats within to find a solace there.

Mine eyes grow dim, in the dark shade oppress,
And soon in Death they shall for ever close;
But one last sigh remains to rend this breast,
The blissful prelude of a long repose:
Then let my corse its latest honours claim,
High as my birth, and spotless as my fame.

QUEEN CATHERINE.

G

SONNET XXXIX.

TO

MIRANDA.

MY spirits are bound up as in a dream,
And the charm'd sense of evil fades away;
How light would all my pains and bondage seem,
Might I behold this Maid but once a day!

Admir'd Miranda, nay, for whom too high
Not admiration soars—worth all that's dear;
Full many a Fair hath drawn my curious eye,
And charm'd with sweetest melody my ear:

In many I've admir'd a separate charm,
But none so fair without defect could see,
Some foil that did their beauty's power disarm,
And left again the captive bosom free:
In thee alone is every charm express,
Dear sweet perfection, form'd of all that's best!

FERDINAND.

SONNET XL.

AT

The Tomb of FIDELLE.

O BRIGHTEST of the flowers our gardens yield,
Why droops thy head, sweet Lily, to the view?
Why foil'd with dust, and scatter'd o'er the field,
Seem not thy beauties fair, as when they grew?

Pleasing in death, thy eyes retain a smile,
Extinct, yet clos'd in slumber's gentlest form;
The female Fays shall haunt thy hallow'd pile,
And thy pure corse dread no contagious worm.

With fairest flowers I'll sweeten the sad ground,
Where thou and all thy sorrows now are laid,
And spread the choicest stores of summer round,
To deck thy grave, and soothe thy pensive shade;
To thee their sweets, their beauties all are due,
Thyself the sweetest—fairest—flower that grew!

SONNET XL.

TO THE

MULBERRY TREE.

NOR on the brow of lofty mountain stands,
Nor 'midst the shelter'd forest towers a tree,
Since planted by my honour'd Shakespeare's hands,
That shall not yield, sweet Mulberry, to thee.

Around in sportive maze the fairy crew,
Leading their gambols light, full oft are seen,
To guard thy bloffoms from unholy dew,
And blefs thy leaves with honours ever green.

And oft to talk of love's delightful theme,
To thee resort the youth and tender maid,
And oft to muse, and court th'inspiring dream,
The Poet seeks the shelter of thy shade.
Sweet plant of Shakespeare, ever dear to fame,
From thy blest boughs be mine one sprig to claim!

SONNET XLII. AND LAST.

AT

The Tomb of SHAKESPEARE.

WHERE slowly Avon steals its winding wave,
By pious love, and sacred reverence led,
With frequent step I seek the Poet's grave,
And bless the turf that wraps his hallow'd head,

To deck his sod, there every flow'r combin'd
Its richest power and sweetly varied hue;
Could all their powers express his mighty mind?
How faint their colours to the scenes he drew!

Beside her favourite's tomb, in mournful state,
Nature conceals her sorrows in her veil,
To share her grief th'attendant passions wait,
The knell of Fancy murmurs in the gale:
Around the wreaths of fame immortal bloom,
And guardian nations shield the Poet's tomb!

CONCERNING THE LIFE AND DEATH

OF

THE KING OF ENGLAND

11

W

HERE I have given you a short account of the life and death of King Henry the Eighth, who was the first of that name who reigned in England. He was a very wise and valiant prince, and his reign was one of the most glorious in our history. He was born on the 28th of January, 1509, and died on the 21st of January, 1547. He was married six times, and had many children. He was a great patron of the arts and sciences, and his reign was a time of great prosperity and glory for England.

P A S S A G E S

FROM

SHAKESPEARE,

FROM WHICH THE SONNETS ARE TAKEN.

SONNET I.

IN this introductory sonnet, the Muse of Shakespeare is characterized by an expression of his own, as a *Muse of fire*. The passage in the prologue to Henry IV. in which the expression occurs, forms, perhaps, the most sublime invocation that ever was uttered by a poet,

O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!

SONNETS of *ROMEO and JULIET*.

The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet seemed, from the tenderness of the sentiments, and the pathos of the situations, to afford materials peculiarly adapted to the nature of the sonnet. Accordingly the Reader will find almost all the passages, which relate to the unfortunate passion of these young lovers, here introduced in that form, so as to exhibit a connected view of their history, as given by Shakespeare.

SONNET II.

What lady's that?

O she doth teach the torches to burn bright,
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!

I'll watch her place of stand,
And touching her's make happy my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, fight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

ACT I. SCENE V.

SONNETS III. IV.

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this—

My lips two blushing pilgrims ready stand,

To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss,

Jul. Good Pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,

Which mannerly devotion shews in this;

For Saints have hands that Pilgrims hands do touch,

And palm to palm is holy palmers kiss.

Rom. Have not faints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, Pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O then, dear Saint, let lips do what hands do;

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant, for pray's sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take:

Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd.

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!

Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by the book.

IBID.

SONNET V.

The dialogue in the garden scene, which forms the subject of the six following sonnets, breathes a strain of the most lively fancy, and the most genuine tenderness. The passionate ardour of Romeo, and the melting simplicity of Juliet, are most beautifully characterized. Nothing can be more natural or interesting than the attachment of these youthful lovers. Some cold-blooded critics, indeed, have condemned the hasty progress of this attachment, as if they could with propriety

reason from their own judgement to the feelings of youth, or through the spectacles of learning more clearly discover the operation of those springs which move the passions, than Shakespeare, who looked into the bosom. The lovers were both at that period of life, when fancy is awake to every charm, and the heart susceptible of every impression, when the meeting glance speaks the kindred soul, when heart springs to heart, and the tongue, free from the restraints of interest or prudence, and prompted by love alone, dictates the mutual wish, and the artless vow. No sooner they looked, but they loved; no sooner they loved, but they sighed! There is still a period, when to the youthful bosom no illusion is so dear and interesting as the perusal or representation of Romeo and Juliet, when the heart recognizes the expression of feelings, to which it is not a stranger, and, searching the wound of these faithful lovers, finds its own:

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon.

She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it—

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,

As day-light doth a lamp. —

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

ACT II. SCENE II.

SONNET VI.

O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
 Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
 Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
 And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy—

What's in a name? That which we call a rose,

By any other name would smell as sweet;

So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,

Retain that dear perfection which he owes,

Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name,

And for that name, which is no part of thee,

Take all myself.

SONNET VII.

My name, dear Saint, is hateful to myself,

Because it is an enemy to thee;

Had I it written, I would tear the word.—

With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls—

Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,

Than twenty of their swords ;—
 My life were better ended by their hate,
 Than death prorogu'd wanting of thy love.—
 I am no pilot ; yet, wert thou as far
 As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
 I would adventure for such merchandize:

SONNET VIII.

Dost thou love me ? I know thou wilt say—Ay ;
 And I will take thy word ; yet if thou swear'st,
 Thou may'st prove false ; at lovers' perjuries,
 They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo !
 If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully ;
 Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
 I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee Nay,
 So thou wilt woo ; but else, not for the world.
 In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond ;
 And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light ;
 But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true,
 Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
 I gave thee mine before thou didst request it ;
 And yet I would it were to give again,
 —But to be frank, and give it thee again.

SONNET IX.

Her eye in heaven

Would thro' the airy region shine so bright,
 That birds would sing, and think it were not night.—
 It is my soul that calls upon my name:
 How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
 Like softest music to attending ears.—
 Let me stand here, till thou remember it,
 Forgetting any other home but this.—
 Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast;
 Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!

IBID.

SONNET X.

Hift! Romeo, hift! O for a falconer's voice
 To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
 Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
 Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
 And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
 With repetition of my Romeo's name.
 I shall forget to have thee still stand there,
 Rememb'ring how I love thy company.—

'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone ;
 And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,
 Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
 Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
 And with a filk thread plucks it back again,
 So loving-jealous of his liberty.—
 Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
 That I shall say—good night, till it be morrow.

Ibid.

SONNET XI.

Spread thy close curtain, love-performing Night,
 That runaways eyes may wink, and Romeo
 Leap to these arms untalk'd of and unseen!
 Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
 By their own beauties: or, if love be blind,
 It best agrees with Night.—
 Come, gentle Night—
 Give me my Romeo; and when he shall die,
 Take him, and cut him out in little stars,
 And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
 That all the world shall be in love with Night,
 And pay no worship to the garish sun.

ACT III. SCENE II.

SONNET XII.

He was not born to shame ;
Upon his brow shame is assum'd to fit :
For 'tis a brow where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband ?
Ah ! poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it ?—
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring,
Your tributary drops belong to woe.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain ;
And Tybalt dead, that would have slain my husband :
All this is comfort, wherefore weep I then ?
Some word there was worser than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me : I would forget it fain ;
But O ! it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners minds,
Romeo is banish'd—to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead !

IBID.

SONNET XIII.

Ha! Banishment? be merciful, say—Death,
 For Exile hath more terror in his look,
 Much more than Death: do not say—Banishment.
 There is no world without Verona's walls,
 But purgatory, torture, hell itself.—
 Heaven is here,
 Where Juliet lives, and every cat, and dog,
 And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
 Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
 But Romeo may not.—
 Hang up philosophy!
 Unless philosophy can make a Juliet.
 Wert thou as young as I—
 Doating like me, and like me banished,
 Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair,
 And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
 Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

IBID.

SONNETS XIV. XV.

The hints of both these sonnets are taken from Shakespeare, though for the manner in which they are wrought up, the author must be accountable. The XIVth is founded upon a sentiment which occurs in the mouth of one of the characters nearly in the beginning of the tragedy :

Alas! that Love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

The subject of the XVth is the reply of Romeo, when exhorted to get rid of his passion, by endeavouring to forget its object, or examining other beauties :

Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewel, thou can'st not teach me to forget.

Though these cannot strictly be called sonnets of Romeo, yet they are here introduced, because the sentiments which they contain, seemed to be those which naturally arise from the distresses of love, and appropriate to the situation of his mind, when obliged to banish himself from his mistress. The sudden misfortune which occurs to poison a passion so pleasing in its commencement, and the harsh sentence of banishment, which disjoins him in the moment of union from the object of his affections, while they awake the most pungent sorrows

of a youthful mind, suggest, as topics of complaint, the disappointments of love, and the impossibility to find any remedy for absence in forgetfulness.

SONNETS XVI. XVII. XVIII. XIX.

The parting scene between Romeo and Juliet breaths inimitable tenderness of sentiment, though in some places disgraced by that affectation of language, which was the fault, not of Shakespeare, but of the age in which he lived. To preserve the sentiment, and separate it from the quibble, has been the object of these sonnets. Any man may blot for Shakespeare though he alone has been able to write in a style, which must ever defy imitation.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day;

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,

That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;

Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:

Believe me, Love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,

No nightingale: look, look, Love, what envious streaks

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder East:

I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I;
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To light thee on thy way to Mantua: and
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, if thou wilt have it so,
I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above your heads:
I have more care to stay, than will to go;—
Come, Death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—
How is't, my soul? Let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, his hence, be gone, away;
It is the lark that sings so out of tune—
O now be gone! more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light? more dark and dark our woes.

Jul. Art thou gone so? Love! lord! husband! friend!
I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo!

Rom. Farewel! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, Love, to thee.

Jul. O! think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul:
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art so low,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb;
Either my sightight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, Love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood.

Adieu! adieu!

ACT III. SCENE V.

SONNETS XX. XXI.

O my Love! my wife!

Death—

Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd, beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,

Ah! dear Juliet,

Why art thou yet so fair?

Come, lie thou in my arms!

O here

Will I set up my everlasting rest!

Eyes, look your last!

Arms, take your last embrace!

Here's to my Love!

Thus with a kiss I die.

ACT V. SCENE III.

Where is my Romeo?

Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—

What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true Love's hand?

Poison, I fear, hath been his timeless end:—

O churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop

To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;

Haply some poison yet doth hang on them

To make me die with a restorative.

Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger!

This is thy sheath; there rust, and let me die.

SONNETS OF *TRUILLUS* and *CRESSIDA*.

SONNET XXII.

Why should I war without the walls of Troy,

That find such cruel battle here within?

Each Trojan that is master of his heart,

Let him to field; Truillus, alas! hath none,

The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,

Fiercer to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;

But I am weaker than a woman's tear,

Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance;

Less valiant than the virgin in the night,

And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Fair Cressid comes into my thoughts—

Comes—when is she thence?

ACT I. SCENE I.

SONNET XXIII.

Hard to seem won, but I was won, my Lord,
With the first glance that ever—Pardon me:—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant;
I love you now; but not, till now, so much,
But I might master it:—

See we fools!

Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But tho' I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;
Or, that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,
For in this rapture I shall surely speak;
The thing I shall repent.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SONNETS XXIV. XXV.

It is the peculiar excellence of Shakespeare, in *holding up the mirror to Nature*, to exhibit not only the general resemblance, but *the form and pressure*. His paintings, though taken from the same object, are varied with all the possible discriminations of light and shade. His personages, though represented under the influence of the same passion, are all characterized by a language and manner of their own. Troilus and Cressida are youthful lovers, but they are different from Romeo and Juliet. The tender and passionate Troilus, with the ardour of Romeo, discloses the peculiar fondness and simplicity of a first passion, and the lively and voluptuous Cressida, with the yielding temper of Juliet, discovers more art and less susceptibility of a constant attachment.

Romeo was formed to be the lover of a Juliet, and Troilus the dupe of a Cressida.

Troi. To bed, to bed : sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants' empty of all thought!

Cres. Good morrow, then.

Troi. I pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you a-weary of me?

Troi. O Cressida! but that the busy day

Wak'd by the lark has rous'd the ribald crows,
 And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
 I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Bewhew the witch! with venomous wights she stays,
 As tedious as hell; but flies the grasp of love
 With wings more momentary swift than thought.

Cres. Pr'ythee tarry, you will never tarry;

O foolish Cressida! I might have still held off,
 And then you would have tarried.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

All the sonnets that follow, are miscellaneous, and founded
 on the different passages of the writings of our admirable Bard,
 that appeared to the author suitable to this species of compo-
 sition.

SONNET XXVI.

The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,
 When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
 And they did make no noise; in such a night,
 Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan wall,
 And sigh'd his soul towards the Grecian tents,

Where Cressid lay that night.

In such a night
Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,
Upon the wild sea banks, and wav'd her Love
To come again to Carthage.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, ACT V. SCENE 1.

SONNET XXVII.

How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day!
The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

The poet

Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods,
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.

IBID.

SONNET XXVIII.

If music be the food of love, play on,
 Give me excess of it; that surfeiting,
 The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
 That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
 O! it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,
 Stealing and giving odour. Enough; no more:
 'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before—
 So full of shapes is fancy.—

TWELFTH NIGHT, ACT I. SCENE I.

SONNET XXIX.

The following picture comes from the hand of a master. In me, then, it may seem presumption to attempt to retouch the colouring and fill up the outline, and by my want of skill mangle what in itself is most perfect. If this be the case, I can truly say, that I have erred, not from vanity, but from excess of love and admiration. The passage in point of language, imagery, and sentiment, I deem the most beautiful that I ever met with; nothing can be more finely conceived, no-

thing can be more happily expressed. If in a different form it be found to retain much of its original beauty, it is a proof that genius, like the diamond, in whatever shape it may be modelled, or with whatever mass it be enveloped, shines by its own lustre.

Vio. My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek; she pin'd in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

IBID. ACT II. SCENE IV.

SONNET XXX.

If the preceding picture of despairing love is distinguished by the most beautiful imagery, the following claims no less the merit of the most pathetic simplicity. From the account given of it by Shakespeare, it seems even in his time to have been an ancient and popular ballad.

Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain:
 The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
 And the free maids that weave their threads with bones,
 Do use to chant it; it is silly, sooth,
 And dallies with the innocence of love,
 Like the old age.

SONG.

Come away, come away, Death,
 And in sad cypress let me be laid;
 Fly away, fly away, breath;
 I am slain by a fair, cruel maid.
 My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
 O prepare it!
 My part of Death, no one so true
 Did share it.
 Not a flow'r, not a flow'r sweet,
 On my black coffin let there be thrown,
 Not a friend, not a friend greet
 My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
 A thousand thousand sighs to save,
 Lay me, O where!
 Lay, true love, never find my grave,
 To weep there.

SONNET XXXI.

What you do
 Still betters what is done. When you speak, Sweet,
 I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
 I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
 Pray so, and, for the ordering your affairs,
 To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you
 A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
 Nothing but that; move still, still so,
 And own no other function: each your doing
 So singular in each particular,
 That all your acts are queen's.

WINTER'S TALE, ACT IV. SCENE III.

SONNET XXXII.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
 And the mountain tops that freeze,
 Bow themselves when he did sing:
 To his music plants and flowers
 Ever sprung; as sun and showers
 There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
 Even the billows of the sea,
 Hung their heads, and then lay by;
 In sweet music is such art,
 Killing care, and grief of heart,
 Fall asleep, or hearing die.

KING HENRY VIII. ACT III. SCENE II.

SONNET XXXIII.

To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans,
 Coy looks, with heart-fore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,
 With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights.—

As the most forward bud

Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
 Even so by love the young and tender wit
 Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
 Losing his verdure even in the prime,
 And all the fair effects of future hope.—
 Oh how this spring of love resembleth
 The uncertain glory of an April day,
 Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
 And by and by a cloud takes all away!

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA,

ACT I. SCENES I. & III.

SONNET XXXIV.

This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
 I better brook than flourishing, peopled towns:
 Here can I fit alone, unseen of any,
 And to the nightingale's complaining notes
 Tune my distresses and record my woes.
 O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
 Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,
 Lest growing ruinous the building fall,
 And leave no memory of what it was!
 Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
 Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!

IBID. ACT V. SCENE IV.

SONNET XXXV.

It was only the first part of this celebrated address to Sleep
 which appeared to the author applicable to the purposes of
 the present work; what follows, rises into a strain of terrible
 sublimity, far above the legitimate tone of the sonnet:

O Sleep, O gentle Sleep!
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,

That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
 And sleep my senses in forgetfulness?
 Why rather, Sleep, ly'st thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
 Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
 Then, happy low, lie down;

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SONNET XXXVI.

How now, my Love? Why is your cheek so pale?
 How chance the roses there do fade so fast?
 Ah me! for aught that I could ever read,
 Could ever hear by tale or history,
 The course of true love never did run smooth;
 But either it was different in blood,
 Or else misgraffed in respect of years,
 Or else it stood upon the choice of friends,
 Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
 War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it:

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM, ACT I. SCENE I.

SONNET XXXVII.

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so ;

But I must also feel it as a man :

I cannot but remember such things were

As were most precious to me.—

MACBETH, ACT IV. SCENE III.

SONNET XXXVIII.

I know not why Henry VIII. should by some not have been reckoned a play of Shakespeare. There are in it passages which, if they are not his, it would be difficult to show could have been written by any body else. The character of Catherine is peculiarly interesting, and managed so as to exhibit a display of the most beautiful pathos :

Spirits of peace, where are ye ? are ye all gone ?

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye ?

Bid the music leave,

They are harsh and heavy to me.

Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewel.

When I am dead,
 Let me be us'd with honour; firew me over
 With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
 I was a chaste wife to my grave:
 Altho' unqueen'd, yet like
 A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.—

HENRY VIII. ACT IV. SCENE II.

SONNET XXXIX.

My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up,
 My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
 The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
 To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,
 Might I but thro' my prison once a day
 Behold this maid.—
 Admir'd Miranda!
 Indeed the top of admiration; worth
 'What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
 I have ey'd with best regard, and many a time
 The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
 Brought my too diligent ear; for several virtues
 Have I lik'd several women; never any

With so full foul, but some defect in her
 Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
 And put it to the foil: but you, O you
 So perfect, and so peerless, are created
 Of every creature's best.

TEMPEST, ACT III. SCENE I.

SONNET XL.

The passage upon which this Sonnet is founded, hath already produced from the pen of the melancholy Collins a dirge of the most exquisite and pathetic simplicity. The following lines could only have been dictated by the inspiration of genuine poetical feeling:

Belov'd, till life could charm no more,
 And mourn'd, till pity's self be dead,

Oh, sweetest, fairest lily!

My brother wears thee not one half so well,

As when thou grew'st thyself,

Smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,

Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at.—

He but sleeps:

If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;

L a

SONNETS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.
With fairest flowers,
While summer lasts—Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave.—

THE END.

